

Lord Philip Gordon

THE
ADVENTURES

OF AN

AIR BALLOON:

Wherein are delineated many distinguished
Characters, male and female; particularly
Dr. M——; G—— H——, Esq; with his
Poem of the *Rape of the Smock*, &c. &c.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. FANCY, of Leadenhall-street, took it into his head to usher me into the World, in order to acquire a fortune by rapid flights, by the swift conveyance of Ladies or Gentlemen to any distance. That I may be capable of communicating many interesting anecdotes of the different Characters who took their passage in me, my Readers will be pleased to indulge me with poetical Licence, and imagine me to possess the faculties of a living Being. In the Course of my *Ærial* peregrinations I have met with many great and distinguished Personages, and shall

iv ADVERTISEMENT.

give such Sketches of the most remarkable of those as I think might afford entertainment to my numerous Readers.

ADVENTURE.

ADVENTURES

O F A N

A I R B A L L O O N.

NOW having exhibited myself on the Great Theatre of the World, for the Convenience and accommodation of Mankind, Two Ladies seated themselves in me this Morning, when one of them related her history in the following words :

“ I was born in Scotland in the parish of Turriff, about a mile distant from the market-town of that name. At the age of twelve I went servant to a shopkeeper in town, who had a son nearly of the same age with myself. This young lad and I made a shift to break the seventh commandment before I was quite thirteen years old. At the age of fifteen I was with child by him, upon which he was forced to fly from the resentment of his parents, but principally for fear of the stool of repentance, where, if he had staid, the minister

nister of the parish would have obliged him to do penance, as sure as the nose was on his face. Poor I, was turned out of my place with a vengeance to me, and it was with much ado that I prevailed on my father and mother to grant me house room till I was delivered. Lord a mercy on us ! Before that time I was summoned by Mefs John to mount the stool of repentance, and Mefs John must not be said *na* to. I was obliged either to obey or leave the place ; and left the place I certainly should, but I had no money to support me, nor any friend to fly to. I was therefore forced to comply, and make my doleful appearance on the fatal stool. Three Sundays *successfully* did I walk in a white sheet just before the sermon, from the kirk-door to the confounded stool of repentance, crying all the way like a fool as I was. I shall never forget the lecture which Mefs John gave me—I remember it as well as if it had only been yesterday. After his sermon, which lasted more than an hour, was ended, looking towards the place where I was, for me he could not see,

I was

I was so muffled up with the sheet, he said

“ Margaret Etrickbanks, you stand there for the damnable sin of fornication, which is the greatest sin that man or woman can commit ; compared with it all other sins are mere flea-bites ; lying, stealing, and even murder, are nothing in comparison of it. It is a sin which God Almighty will not, and I might almost say, *cannot* pardon. The first time you was guilty of it you became the devil's property ; and God forbid that I should cheat even the devil himself, out of what really belongs to him ; I believe I *could* do such a thing ; but I would not on any account be guilty of such injustice. As you are now become an enemy to God, I hope all christians will take God Almighty's part, and *help him* to hunt you out of the world that you may go to him you belong to. If I hear that any in my parish are in the least assisting to you, I shall for ever account them rebels against God, and in alliance with Satan ; and I shall speak to my neighbouring brethren, the ministers of the

the gospel, to warn all their flocks from having any communication with, or harbouring or relieving you. By the authority committed to me by Jesus, I hereby deliver you over to the devil, and forbid all christians to have any communication with you on penalty of eternal damnation." Afterwards in his prayer that followed, he very devoutly, with eyes shut, and lifted hands, besought, and almost *commanded God* to fulfill the sentence, which he, in his name, had passed upon me, to blot my name out of the book of life, and to command the devil to take immediate possession of me and of every person who should presume to aid or assist me. When I went home I found that my father and mother had very piously thrown every thing out of doors that belonged to me. When I knocked at the door, and begged and prayed to be admitted, my father put his head out at the little window and exclaimed, "avoid thee Satan ! Begone, wretch ! Never come nigh my house again, to bring damnation upon my poor soul. You *once* was my daughter,

ter,

ter, but now that you are delivered to the devil, I hate and abhor you, and would sooner die a thousand deaths than give you a morsel of bread." Just as I was going to depart, my mother threw out of doors an handkerchief of mine, which she had forgot before : This she did with the assistance of the tongs, for she should not touch it with her hands. I went into the neighbouring parish as fast as I could walk, and begged at a good many houses for a morsel of bread to keep me from starving ; but nobody would relieve me, nor even condescend to speak to me, only " get along wretch ! directly." I lay the next night in a field of corn, terrified out of my seven senses for fear of apparitions ; I thought I really should have gone distracted with fear ; every little noise I heard I thought it was the Devil come to take me away with him ; for I myself thought that I really did belong to him. Many a time, did I intend, and once attempt, to make away with myself, and nothing but want of resolution prevented me. When day broke I was delivered from my fears

of ghosts, which were only imaginary, and began again to be attacked with the more reasonable fear of starving with hunger.

At the distance of ten or twelve miles from the place where I then lay, there lived, as I had heard, a gentleman who was a great admirer of our sex ; who always kept one, and sometimes more good natured young women in his house. Rather than starve I thought it adviseable to apply to him ; and accordingly out I set to go to him. With much ado I reached his house about two o'clock in the afternoon, almost famished with hunger, after a tedious walk of eight long hours. When I went to his house, Mr. Gordon, (for that was his name) was not at home. I asked one of the maids for a bit of bread ; and she very good naturedly brought me bread and cheese, and some beer. When the laird came home, I told him that I wanted to speak to him in private. Accordingly he took me into a room with him, and shutting the door, asked me what I had to say to him. With tears in my eyes I related the whole

whole melancholy story to him, not omitting the stool of repentance. "Now, Sir," said I, I have told you the whole truth. I apply to you as a humane gentleman, for relief in my sad condition ; which if you will grant me, I shall be bound to bless you, and to make you any return in my power." " Don't be afraid," said Mr. Gordon to me, " I shall see you properly taken care of, and run the hazard of Mess John's excommunication." I staid that night at his house ; next morning he sent a man and a horse with me to one of his tenants, who lived five or six miles off ; where in two weeks time I was delivered of a child, which died, thank God, in a few hours time. The good people of the house took a great deal of care of me, poor creatures, in their way, After I had been there about six weeks, I was as well as ever I was in my life. One day when Mr. Gordon called to see me, I fell down on my knees before him, and with tears of gratitude thanked him in the best manner that I could, adding that, as I was now well, I would not impose on good na-

ture any longer ; but go to some place where I had never been heard of, and earn my bread in an honest way. " Oh Peggy," said he, " have you forgot your promise to me ; I want a servant for a very easy place, which I have kept for you for some time : I'll give you as good wages as you will get any where ; but, however, if you do not choose to live with me, I frankly forgive you your promise, and shall moreover give you some money in your pocket to bear your expences." This was a pretty cunning fetch of the laird's, and it succeeded to admiration ; his generous offer quite overcame me ; and, bursting out in tears again, I assured him I was ready to serve him a year, or more, if he desired it, without wages as a servant, " but nothing else—nothing else indeed sir—indeed sir, I cannot—I must not—for if I should do so again—the d—l certainly would have me at last." Mr. Gordon smiled at my simplicity, and told me " he did not want me for any thing but as a servant : and you may always depend," said he, " on having good usage in my house." I had not been in his house.

house, however, many weeks, before he found means to argue me out of my good resolutions. I lived with him three years and four months, and was twice with child by him—one of the children is alive, a fine boy—nine years of age. His father has sent him to school, and brings him up very genteely. But as Mr. Gordon loved variety he began to grow cool towards me, and therefore I thought it high time to look about me. I got acquainted with a certain gentleman in Aberdeen, who shall be nameless, with whom I lived five years as house-keeper, till he failed in business. I had then an offer from a gentleman in the law, which I thought proper to reject, and chose rather to try my fortune in London, whither I went three years ago last July; and where, I thank God, I have had tolerable success, in an honest way, though, I assure you. I keep a milliner's shop in the strand, where, when I return, I shall be glad to see you, madam—and so here's an end of my history."

A TRADESMAN

ADVENTURES OF
A TRADESMAN and HIS CHILDREN.

I soon found my companions to be of that order of beings, who toil with labour six days of the week. and indulge themselves on the seventh in making an excursion to some of the rural seats of festivity near this great capital.

They were as cheerful as the heralds of spring—nature put on her gorgeous habit to make it a day of felicity—and Phoebus was not behind-hand in enriching the prospect with his animating smiles!

Pleasure was on the wing around us, bidding adieu to sloth in her smoky residence, and inviting her happy children to the celestial embraces of summer in her fragrant bower!

Happy souls! may that short space of time allotted thee for recreation be the brightest of the year—may health be thy constant companions, and happiness carol with thee when industry wipes the sweet toil from thy brows.

GHOSTS

GHOSTS AND GALLANTRIES.

A noble Lord has just taken a seat in me——

The Right Honourable *Andrew Lord Title*, who has loved many women, but cared for very few: they charm him while they neglect or despise him; but when they please him, he cannot abide them. By denying him every thing, they may command all he has; but if he finds them grateful, he never sees them more. But with all this fickleness, and oddness of humour and practice, Miss *Manage* found a way to make this *Wanton* turn renegade from his own character, and to fix him with real constancy to her *uncommon Enchantments*, to which he became a daily bigot; and yet Miss ordered her affairs so artfully, that it was a secret to the old Lady that her daughter had ever seen my Lord *Title*. This virtuous old Lady knew, by experience, how dangerous it was for a pretty girl to breed before she was betroth'd, and therefore had an hawk's eye upon Miss, in whom she saw herself at eighteen:

eighteen: but Miss threw devotion in her Mamma's eyes, and grew godly to grow lewd: she read good books, and set her very heart upon *Thomas a Kempis*, and her eyes were perpetually nail'd either to a Manual or the Cieling. The old Lady, thus chearfully deluded, approved and permitted her daughter's choice of long and frequent retirements, the hours in which Miss pray'd and intrigu'd without ceasing.

In the Summer Season Miss lives with her mother at her country-seat, in a pleasant solitude near the Thames. Here Lord *Title*'s visits are less frequent or less certain, because of the distance of his abode; and, consequently, one would think Miss might reasonably drop some part of her great devotion, and grow more sociable and less pious. But we are mistaken if we think so; for the poor godly girl is forced even to redouble her spiritual pains in the country, having now two objects of worship to resign herself up to. To explain this, I must take notice, that *Jack Boniface* and Miss had taken a sudden

den acquaintance, and a sudden liking to each other, and *Jack* was presently admitted a sharer of her person and her prayer-time: so that between Lord *Title* and *Jack*, this unwearied virgin was obliged to be either in her closet or bed, morning, noon, and night; for *Jack* was young, and so was my Lord, and Miss younger than either of them, as well as more watchful and diligent. In short, one of them had no reason to complain of Miss's bounty to the other, and notwithstanding that they thus divided her between them, each believed he had her all to himself, so cunningly did she conduct her intrigues, and hide the rivals from one another.

About this time Sir *Smart*, a *Yorkshire* Knight, saw Miss, and lov'd her, and being a man of a sly jockeying genius, resolved to have some sport with her. But Miss had already business enough upon her hands, and all his efforts to increase it were vain; if she was not unwilling, she was at least fearful, and Sir *Smart* was repulsed, though not abashed. He suspect-

ed the truth, and fancy'd somebody was before-hand with him; this *happy man*, whom his imagination and jealousy had very reasonably created, stuck in his gizzard, and he grew impatient who it should be. He set spies upon every avenue to the house where Miss *Manage* lived; every hedge about it was lin'd with his creatures, and her coach could not stir, but a dragon of Sir *Smart's* had his eye upon it. So much vigilance and eves-dropping, you may be sure, was not all lost; *Robin Hoof*, Sir *Smart's* groom, a wily fellow, that understood horses and other things too, ply'd the garden and the windows with such diligence and secrecy, that he made a discovery which disclosed all. About three in the morning, while *Robin* sat in an arbour, ogling the window that he most suspected, he saw the sash creep up, and out of it issu'd a white streamer, or, in *Robin's* plain language, a white sheet, by which came presently gliding down a good-siz'd animal in *Robin's* own shape, with a dun frock and a freckled periwig, and other accoutrements, which made

made *Robin* conclude him a retainer to the Commonwealth of Lacqueys; nor did his coming out of a Lady's bed-chamber seem the least contradiction to it; "but," (says *Robin*,) as soon as I heard him swearing to himself, and taking snuff, I knew him to be a man of Quality."

This person, when he had taken his pinch, and damn'd himself for a lucky dog about a dozen times, went towards the garden-door, and, pulling the Porter out of his pocket, found a present passage, while *Robin* was forc'd to climb over the wall. *Robin*, upon his tip-toes, followed his guide over two or three fields, and then they came into the road, where a man and two horses were in waiting. This sight gave *Robin* despair, as likely to be distanc'd and thrown out of the chace; but he was quickly relieved in his mind, when he heard—"Will, let us haste to town; I'll go to bed at the bagnio at St. James's-street"—"Yes, my Lord;" and in a minute they were out of sight.

Robin now thought, his discovery in a thriving posture, and trotted away to

London with great alacrity of heart: by twelve he was at the bagnio, and told the servant there in an artful rusticity of tone, that there was a fine man in that house whom he must speak with: "He is call'd Lord *Somebody*, (says *Robin*) but I forget ——— My master sent me up to this brave town wi' a fine horse that he means to give to this same Lord What d' ye call." "My Lord *Title*, (answered the servant); he's not up yet, but in two hours he'll be stirring, and then you may call again." *Robin*, after having informed himself whether all the folks they call'd Lords lay so long a-bed in the morning, thank'd him sturdily, and went off, stamping upon the stones, as if he had that very minute come from the plough.

Robin, flush'd with success, was not long before he reached home, where he laid before Sir *Smart* the prosperous event of his management, and how Lord *Title* was the Lord of Miss *Manage*. To which the Knight replied, — "Death and fire-balls, that *Andrew*! that elder brother enjoy her! Gad spirit me, I'll make the fool tell

tell me with his own mouth how he comes at her, and he shall pimp for me while I do the same."

In this temper, and with this purpose Sir *Smart* went to find Lord *Title*; and when he had found him out, and warmed him with half a dozen bumpers, he led him into the subject of gallantry and intrigue; and, to shew his Lordship a good example, he entertained him with a great many love-stories of himself, which no man breathing but my good Lord *Title* was to be trusted with, such mighty secrets they were: And it is very true they were so, for the sly urchin of a Knight invented them every one on that occasion, and with tempting lies bribed his harmless Lordship into the confession of real truths.

All the while Sir *Smart* was recounting the favours he had received from Ladies, my Lord *Title* was burning with impatience to be enumerating his own triumphs and conquests that way; and when the politic Knight had put him into a fit humour to babble out his very heart, and all that was in it, he let him go on; and the
poor

poor undesigning Lord told his enemy all he wanted to know, and concealed nothing but his mistress's name and place of abode, which the other knew before. In short, he acquainted him with the whole method and means by which he had access to her every night, and which the other practised the very night following; for by pursuing the directions, and assuming the disguise which his Lordship had given him, he, in a few hours after, found himself in Miss *Manage's* arms, who hugged the Knight and meant the Lord.

When Sir *Smart* thought he had secured *Miss* beyond retreat, he discovered to her his own happiness from her mistake. When her first surprize was over, she began to expostulate, but it is plain she spoke more grief than she felt; for she continued and encouraged that commerce too, as long as she could. But an unlucky accident happened, which was in some measure too hard for all her art: All her three sparks happened to meet one night in the gallery near her apartment: they jostled, and grew jealous; but the Lord,

as became him, run away for fear, which, together with the darkness, did so blind him, that he fell over every thing he met, and made a dismal rumbling. The other two encountered and cuffed it out bravely, which likewise made no small noise; while *Miss* herself, who guessed the cause, and had a mind to frighten them into more prudence, added to the uproar by horrid shrieks of Devils and Thieves, and the like. The whole house was presently up, but the disturbance was gone, and the cause of it vanish'd, and all the family took *Miss*'s word for it that it *was a Ghost*.—
 “Ay, (says the Old Lady weeping) Satan owes my child a spite for her early piety.”

To conclude: The whole parish was rais'd, with the Parson at the head of them, to lay the unruly Spirit which *Miss* has about her. And this story is the second part of the *Haunted House*.

Some

Some time after I took up two gentlemen,
one of which I soon found to be

A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

“ Tell me no more Tom, of abortive scribes—imperious managers—such soporific logic lulls me instantly. You take me for somewhat better, I hope, than a sonnet-teer journeyman to the reigning Bickerstaff, or the somnus compiler to that illustrious puppet to Apollo in the Strand, whose pragmatic chatter in his raree-show box of the British bards, is to the full as offensive as Norris’s Hamlet at Richmond theatre.

“ Though the managers were all Viziers, I care not this fico for them.

“ What, shall a production crowned with the approbation of the judicious, whose studies the muses with pleasure preside in ; shall their opinion give way to a recommendation from a titled idiot, written in the ebon chair of dulness ? I will not think it !”

“ If

"If you will not" rejoined his companion, "embrace your error, a few minutes will convince you of the justness of my observations. I tell you again and again, if the spirit of Congreve dictated every line of it in the happiest mood, seated in Johnson's celestial garret*, which must be confessed on all hands the very pinnacle of sublimity, managerial patience would not get beyond the title page in twelvemonths, while the smile of a popular peer would keep the manager's countenance in harmony, and induce him to an instant review of the phrensiad bombast of a magnificent study in Berkley square: and he should write his applause with a furor divinus under the finis of the delectable jeu d'esprit.

But here the despot resides.—I shall wait in the vehicle till you return.

We were not detained above an hour, when my companion returned with disappointment visibly painted in his countenance. "Well," says his prophetic monitor with a smile, "What success?"—"Success!"

* Vide the Rambler, vol. 3.

cess !" replied the other, " that which attends a protestant in the Inquisition ; a great many impertinent questions, and not an answer to any of them believed. Perish the whole tribe !"

" Come, come," says his friend, " you have been used much better than I expected ; I know an ingenious writer that left a piece with the late Mr. Garrick some years, and he never obtained an answer.

" But tell me, who did you see there ?--" In a corner of the room sat a bard, whose face I have long known, in rusty mourning, as lean as a soldier's dog ; indignation flushing his cheeks one minute, and anguish exhibiting her deadly ensign in 'em the next.—Alas poor genius !

But think of my astonishment when I beheld the engregious representative of Barry, as he calls himself, who dined in company with us yesterday ; waiting to request the manager would permit him to treat his audience with the best likeness of the deceased Lear.

To add to the mirth arising from this whimsy, he informed me that he brought
from

from Ireland the very habiliments, from the old King's caxen to his velvet shoes, that poor Barry played in, which the extravagant monarch; in one of his lunatic humours, no doubt, pledged with this theatrical pawnbroker, together with his wardrobe, for three hundred pounds, a few years preceding his death.

“ He assured me the Hibernian critics, from Dr. Wilson, the first censor in their college to the very lamp lighter of the theatre royal there, enthroned him long since in the chair their renowned countryman filled with such distinguished lustre. And there was not a perfection Barry was master of, but he was equally great in, from the melting tenderness of Jaffier to his unrivalled performance of Lord Townly.— I set this down, egotism, instantly. I was justified in so doing by a review of his person and manner, that plainly threw this fine-coloured picture of his instantly into shades, and left not a trace of the matchless player's excellence he arrogantly presumes to exhibit.”

What

What a ridiculous errand to London !
a man, who (if report may be credited)
has realized by the poverty of his neigh-
bours a fortune of sixteen thousand
pounds, making a journey to strut and fret
his hour, and shine

“ Like Tom Errand dres’d in Clincher’s cloaths,”

amidst a polished people, and then return
with the thorny crown judicious Woodfall
bestows on the knight errants of dramatic
fortune that rant within the pale of his cri-
ticism.—Adieu.

But what uncommon Beings have we
got here ? A brace of

FRENCH PROPHETS,

As they are usually call’d, who were
the living Monuments of Enthusiasm,
which led them a dance from *London* to the
Downs of *Salisbury*, there to worship, as
they said, by the Appointment of the Spi-
rit, for the space of seven days and so ma-
ny

ny Nights, near two Years ago.—

THEIR Provisions consisted of Bisket, Honey, Raisins, and some strong Waters. With this Design, and this Provender, they betook themselves to Prayer and the Desert.

• WHILE they were in it, they were daily visited from all Quarters, and continually surrounded with Flocks of Gazers and of Sheep. Some went for information, and some for Mirth ; but it was a dull and ignorant Spirit, and gave neither satisfaction to the Inquisitive, nor Diversion to the Merry.

ONLY one of the Brethren was inspir'd ; the other had not then had any Impulse, tho', by his own Confession, he had gap'd and pray'd seven Years for the Spirit, and serv'd a long Apprenticeship to *the Art of Trembling*. But he waited with great Faith and Patience for the happy Hour (as the Midwives call it) of being deliver'd of a Revelation or two. In the mean Time, he profess'd himself much edify'd to see *the Preacher* shake his Ears, make wry Faces, and utter Oracles. And *the Preacher*, on his
Part,

Part, declar'd, that he felt wondrous Joys and Raptures, which, he said, nobody else could feel, in these his holy shiverings, when the Spirit took him by the Throat, and shook his bones, and toss'd him, as it were, in a blanket.

If you ask'd him the Drift and meaning of this new Sect, he answer'd, *All Men have corrupted their Ways*. When it was demanded of him, why he call'd what he utter'd by the Name of *Prophecy*? says he, *They are the Words of the Spirit*. If you enquir'd how he knew he was inspir'd, he reply'd, *The young Men shall see Visions, and the old Men shall dream Dreams*, and, to prove it, quoted Chapter and Verse.

THIS wretched Recital of Scripture, and worse Application, was all the Reply that could be drawn from him. If you wanted a rational Scheme of his Principles, he was your humble Servant; his Divinity scorn'd the aid of Sense and Reason. He was sure he was in the right, and to convince you of it, would produce a Text that perhaps call'd him a Liar.

WHEN

WHEN Princes and States fall a Disputing, they argue from the Mouths of their great Guns, and silence their Antagonists with a Syllogism or two of Gun-powder. And thus our Prophet stopp'd your Mouth, by ramming the Spirit down your Throat, and knock'd you down with a Volley of scripture.

SOME made it a Question whether these godly Strollers play'd the Madmen with design, or were only the slaves of delusion. Their frantick actions, and wild Reasonings, argu'd their brains to be out of Joint; but their denouncing so many woes against their Country, seem'd to infer that there was some Roguery mixt with their Madness. However it be, it is our Comfort that Almighty Anger is not oblig'd to turn Lacquey, and be at the Call of *Enthusiasts* and *Spleneticks*.

WHAT ever was their Aim, the poor Devils acted as if they had been very much in earnest. They had little cloaths, and no favour at all from the weather, which was very cold and rainy. At nights, indeed, by the permission of the Spirit and
a Farmer,

a Farmer, they had the shelter of a barn ; but still they wanted fire and a bed.

THE severity of the air had so wither'd and bewitch'd their countenances, that they look'd more like inhabitants of the *lower World* than Messengers of the *Upper*. Never were there truer pictures of stupidity, hunger, and mortality. I dare say, would they own the truth, they were heart-sick of cold Weather and Worship.

THEY were both from London ; the dumb Prophet is a Porter, and the Speaker a Taylor. This ninth part of a Prophet went towards Bath, resolving to labour on Cloth and Canvas, 'till the Spirit gave him t'other summons, and found him a new Jobb of Journey-work ; whether his Familiar has been since with him, or his Holy Ague returned upon him, I cannot say.

The

The next morn I took in

A FORTUNATE SOLDIER.

Delighted Contemplatist, whose early foot-steps meet returning Hesper in his orient carr; when he opes the fleecy curtains of Aurora, and gives to thy raptured view the radiant beauties of her charms!—— thou that hast oft beheld this lovely image with Shakespearian transport, behold the chearful, the happy companion of my present journey!——see is there aught more animated in her countenance, than you behold in his!

Ere the sun rose from his beloved Thetis, and awoke the vivid harbingers of morn, was this pilgrim of military toil preparing for the duty of the day. Busy in the soldier's labour, anxious to meet the voice of praise, in neatness and approved discipline. To purchase, with his utmost art, the smile of stern command.

Behold the bright reward of virtue! and the loyal bosom's victory!——Ere he had marched from the parade to his duty

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for

for the day, the cherub of celestial gratulation put into his commander's hand an order for his immediate discharge, and an account of an extensive fortune bequeathed him by a wretched son of Adam, his near kinsman : whose avarice would not suffer him to shield the worth of his progenitors, in an honest soldier, from the calamities of war, and the shafts of adversity, till he died.

Hear him relate the happy tidings, and the melting story of his life, to his exulting companions.

“ When my affectionate father died, his little inheritance became the property of a Peer, who paid no attention to the sufferings the heavy loss of it occasioned. I petitioned for my dear mother's sake, but he was silent.--The languid voice of poverty is too weak to reach the ear of courtly magnificence : or, if it does, the intention to relieve is lost the next hour in the turn of a die at Arthur's or Almack's.

This oddity of avarice, so munificent in death, opened his comfortless asylum to

my

my venerable and excellent parent, while
his niggard heart

“Cast me, regardless, on the world’s bleak wild,”

Exposed to the severities of nameless indigence.

Bred to no profession, my destiny led me to the field of arms : a little use inured me to the toil, and victory whispered me something might be gained by a steady perseverance in her laurelled track, and the sword of valor. Though my beating heart considered her voice fallacious, I followed her through hosts of warfare ; heedless of approaching danger, and panting for the atchievement of some memorial of dauntless enterprize, I harassed my constitution, and sunk into the meagre arms of discontent, and bitter reflection, without a single manubial trophy.

Oft have I beheld illustrious Granby brandish the laurel-wreathed sword of conquest, and rush amidst the foe, with the tears of humanity flowing o’er the smiles of

E 2

Victory.

Victory.—Immortal chieftain where shall we seek thy fellow ?

Resigned to the couch of hardship, on which my weary senses slumbered the prime of my days ; I courted no exchange from fortune.

The excursive meditations of the midnight centinel, as he takes his patient walk, surpasses the dreaming luxury of the most happy on the imperial bed of Pomp and magnificence.

I shall find it a hard task, I fear, to restore me to the customary allotment of time, in rest and exercise, I experienced in my youth.

Next to the pleasure I feel in the ample sufficiency fortune has given me, of assisting those around me ; allied by blood, and the congenial feelings of humanity ; I feel another take possession of my botom with thrilling transport, on quitting military toil, I mean Liberty.

To be veteranized now is a painful circumstance to the unhappy man above licking the dust from his superior's feet : who views in the little mirror of his musket the
scars

scars of hard-earned honour and valorous intrepidity.

There was a time, ere nobles of sunshine became Generals, and the imperious youth bore the spontoon and British ensign; when an old soldier could find some consolation for his years of hardship, in lenient and merciful Commanders, who knew the value of the gem, nor despised him for his age.

What an incentive to good discipline! what a firm chain of indissoluble friendship was then to be seen! the victor's brow was worthy of it's laurel, and consenting armies viewed it as the prize of illustrious renown!

I am now retiring from the busy scene to the seat of my fathers, where a considerable inheritance will soften the remainder of my journey through this vale of sorrow and disappointment; where the tears of this morning will not be found on the face of to-morrow; and the balm of Heaven drops on the bosom of Virtue, and my amiable Mother; its healing restorative.

"Come, thou brave and faithful companion

panion of my life", addressing his comrade, "thou shalt share my inheritance! thou hast been unto me as a brother; we have bustled in the fluctuating scenes of an hostile world, for many years; and it would be an inglorious deed to separate us now!—thy discharge shall be instantly purchased, and thou shalt be my companion in rural tranquility".—Thy greatness of soul, cannot be too much admired, thought I; may the Olive of Peace and the palm of Honour long flourish round thy brows; may Content and harmony long smile in thy halcyon asylum, and the refreshed traveller point to it as the seat of virtue, concord, and terrestrial happiness.

A few days after I took in

DOCTOR M****.

This renowned pulpiteer had not been many minutes seated beside a friend of his, when a publication that has made much noise since, became the principal topick of their converse.

The

The Doctor's arguments were as ingenious then, as his writings have confirmed him since; yet, notwithstanding this blaze of fame, it were much better of this child of his fertile genius was buried in the regal mosque of Mahomet: for notwithstanding we are Mahometans in more senses than one, instead of reclaiming or working a reformation in the most fickle people in the universe, it will have quite a contrary effect.

To say Thelyphthora is not a work of extensive genius, and amazing erudition, would shew more of the critical assassin than the equitable judge.

There is one barrier, though a weak one, in favour of the community at large; the price of this voluminous work shuts out three-fourths of the literary race of beings from studying the doctrine, report, with degree of inveteracy, insists on it inculcates.

I cannot by any means think the most exceptionable page of it of that pernicious tendency, a great number who have, and more who have not read it, make a noise about: but as our heads are easily turned
in

in this island, in my opinion it would be much better to let 'em stand still.

TWO MUSICIANS

Took a seat in me this evening, whose adventure is of so singular a kind that it deserves to be recorded.

There is an old and an excellent adage, "necessity is the mother of invention"; these adventurers were perfect masters of this lesson, and by their own account benefited surprisingly by it.

The father of one is a quaker, and a niggard to the core of his heart.

The father of the other is a strict disciple of the renowned Mr. Romaine's; parsimonious in every thing but his good council, which he is lavish in bestowing on the profligate youths of his acquaintance.

The son of Aminidab possesses, with a charming voice, an excellent heart; too apt to melt at another's sufferings;—but that is the fault of nature, if it can be called

led such:—be it as it will, he is distinguished by the truly pious as a very feeling young man, who is always too liberal:—this, taken in a religious sense, signifies extravagance in the extreme:—for, a prayer from those sanctified beings amounts to the very same value of a bishop's blessing, not excepting his Grace of Canterbury, and his must be confessed the first human benediction—setting the strings of harmony in the soul perfectly in tune—soothing the enanguished bosom—giving strength and hilarity to the heart long steeped in the current of misfortune—and finally, to make the climax terminate with magnificent propriety, putting money in the pocket long a stranger to any thing like the charming semblance.

By the less religious part of his intimates he is called a damned honest fellow.

The proper explanation of this compliment (for a compliment it is, and a very estimable one too let me tell you, gentle reader) introduces you to a bon vivant—a man whose purse is open to the sons and daughters of Calamity—who can observe in the smallest channel from the eyes,
F without

without the assistance of spectacles, or the well adjusted glass of folly, whether a tear was taking its course to add to the ocean of misery.

My other companion partook so much of the same likeness, that I shall cease to give any farther description of either.

This afternoon these young worthies, who have been companions since their venerable school-mistress shook her bladder of peas over their little heads, which was her method (and a very mild one too) of commanding peace among her oft-times refractory pupils, meeting a disappointment in pursuit of money, hit upon a whimsical scheme to raise it.

They disguised themselves, and repaired towards the dusk of the evening to Saint James's, Grosvenor, and Berkley squares, where one played the flute, and the other accompanied him with his voice in such an enchanting manner, that in the course of three hours they collected near six pounds.

The ladies, sweet souls were their best benefactors—and who is it in the tribe of indigence that has not basked in the sunshine

shine of their munificence?—they one and all reduced it to a certainty that our musicians were strolling players out of employ. For none of the ballad of Florio harmonists within their memories sung so perfectly in tune.

If I was pleased with the oddity of this ramble, I was much more so in accompanying them to the house where they changed their garb.

My vocal companion hearing a voice at the corner of the Hay-market, that was once harmonious, but was now warbling the dissonant musick of a sad heart, felt a glow of commiseration instantly, and popping his head out of me, called her to him, and gave her a crown, desiring her to go home, and make herself comfortable.

Poor Cecilia, I believe, took his advice, for I observed her and her two little ones trot away with heels as light as the sportive family of cheerfulness—I was going to say hearts—till Poverty stared me in the face, and told me she had not done with 'em, for she had a long account to settle with 'em yet.

This evening, I took in

A JEW AND A SHARPER.

"It is difficult to close a bargain with you, Mr. Noah Mordecai," says my ambidexter companion, "as with the unconscionable Justice of Clerkenwell Close: watches, in particular, you reduce to the price of Oxlade's ballad edition of Shakespeare's plays."

"Like enough, like enough, my good friend; I musn't buy to be a shufferer. I finds it very deefficult to get off thesh great pargains you think sho much about: dere ish more vatches den buyers in the world, and if it vas not vor von of our peoples who puts de Thurkish dial-plates to em, and makes shome other necheshary alterations, we might as well think of shelling the Pope's pontificalibus with impunity in the Shardinian ambashador's chapel in Duke-street. Theesh are damned hard times, Mr. Filsh, shad times indeed. Vat ish it I offered you?" "Five guineas." "Vell, I vill geef you shix geeneeth, and run the hazard; it's a great deal of monish

to

to be sure, but we are old acquaintances, and must assist each other."

"Do you call it assisting me, Mr. Mordecai, when I give you three times the value for your money; this may pass for friendship in Duke's Place, but would appear very paradoxical at M——'s rendezvous in Bow-street.

"Come, let me have it to say I met with one of your illustrious tribe superior to all the rest in fair dealing; let me have the other guinea.

"The watch is a pretty little bauble, and will suit the taste of one of your female customers."

"Dat ish de very ting I offer you sho much monish for it; dere ish a ladysh maid in Cavendish square dat vants such a ting; she ish to be married in a few daysh to von of my cushtomers in Rosmary lane, a fellow ash old ash de high priesht of our sheenagogue, and vort deefelish deal of monish, and she vants to be a little reshpectable; I vill geef you half a geenee more, and dat ish a great deal, Mr. Filsh. De lasht vatch I bought from you vash a very bad one; but it being a shmall shize,

shize, I put Mishter Graham's name to it, and shold it to an ignoramush Peer, who would not be shatisfied vit any other, though de vatch I took in exchange vash a vasht deal beather. I am very shucessful vid teesh foolish peoples, who cannot tink time ever blessed de labours of any man but Tom-pion, or Graham, while von of our peoples, who lives in a garret in Houndsditch, can finish a vatch vit more elegance and better vorkmanship.

"I makes a creat deal of monish now and den by vatches and pictures in this manner.

"Here ish de monish for you."—The bargain was instantly struck between 'em; Mr. Filsh alight at the lodgings of prostitution as alert as if honesty handed him out of me, and my long-bearded Israelite, after bestowing half a dozen smiles on his bargain, with a few warm expressions of transport—"Dish be one creat pargain! shix geenees profit at leasht! very cood, very cood!" beckoned to one of his tribe, who stepped with him into Ludgate-hill punch-house, to regale, and offer up a thanksgiving ejaculation to the exuberant
Genius

genius of villainy, over a bowl of the inspiring composition.

AN OLD SERVANT.

" 'Tis very hard," says his companion, (stepping in after him), "after so long a servitude, to be exposed to indigence, the vigor of life exhausted, and totally unable to apply to feeble industry, the only rescue from the frowns of a degenerate world."

"But give me thy whole story."—His venerable companion, after a short pause, told the following tale.

"An early martyr to a step-father's inhumanity, and a mother's hopeless sufferings, I was pressed to a comfortable servitude in the once happy family I have left.

"Patience lent me her support, and humility crowned my endeavours with her complacent smile.

"Though humble my situation, happiness beamed her cheering sun-shine on my toil, and taught me to prize virtue in her meanest attire.

"I lived

“ I lived but to please, and found it the concomitant of an agreeable respect.

“ As I advanced in years, my alacrity in the family became more conspicuous, till I filled the most respectable service.

“ The bounteous personage then at the head of the family, was one of those benignant beings whose virtues gave a lustre to the country he resided in : to the family of pain he was the early harbinger of benevolence. The boundary between poverty and affluence he ever set aside, and shone in every instance a father to the fatherless.

“ In this excellent master's service I spent forty years, near half an age of earthly happiness. Dear, happy shade! farewell” —waving his hand with disconsolation, “we may with truth conclude thy eulogium with the following tribute of weeping affection.

“ Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,

“ Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;

“ Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd

“ A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.”

“ Since

“ Since his death, his amiable son made the evening of my days as tranquil as my wishes could desire.

“ The good youth ever bore me the kindest affection; I was always a sharer in the festivities of his childhood, and the promises of an overflowing heart at that time, have been fulfilled in many instances towards me since. About a year has elapsed since he married a fashionable Tisiphone, with much beauty and no fortune: he proved uxurious, and she tyrannical.

“ She had not been a month seated in the conjugal chair, when she took the reins of domestic government into her hand, and continues to exercise them as her tyrannous and capricious will directs.

“ As I was above a servile debasement of my age, and filled a department no way connected with the province of her government, I paid no attention to her bickerings: but all I could do would not win her esteem; she was determined in the expulsion of such Gothic rubbish as she termed me, and took the opportunity, whilst
G my

my master visited London, to drive me to the situation in which you have found me.

"The agent, who is a man of great humanity, hearing of her brutal behaviour, would have given me sanctuary in his house, till some turn of fortune in my favor; but this I thought fallacious, and chose a journey to London, as my best resource, where my sister lives in easy circumstances, who shared for some years the little reward of my servitude.

"But, alas!—how was I mistaken in the pursuit my heart pointed out—the fountain of affection was dry, where I hoped to slake my thirst after my journey:—indifference took her seat beside me, to listen to my melancholy tale, and felt not the least commiseration.

"Oh, how deceitful are our brightest hopes——the pilgrim tastes a sweeter draught in the peasant's cottage, than relatives from each other, however closely connected."

"But have you made no essay," says his friend, "to find out your master?"
 "Yes," says the desponding sage, "I have been at Kensington, this morning, in quest
 of

of him, and have been informed where he is to be found.

“ I was enfeebled with the walk, and would have stepped into the Park to rest myself, had you not obliged me with a feat.

“ I have so much reliance on his goodness of soul, that I have no doubt of immediate relief from him.

“ He lives in this square—I wish you a good morning.”

“ I wish thee success and happiness,” says his companion. “ If thou shouldst be disappointed, return to me—I shall see a vacancy at my table till thou art provided for.”

Alas ! thought I, what a conclusion to the volume of thy virtuous life, thou hoary headed worthy—when happiness should have closed the page, enanguished sorrow takes up the pen to write it with her tears.

Venerable sire ! methinks I see thee in that happy region, where malice cannot hurt thee ! where the despotic rulers of this probationary life tremble before the throne of that Being, whose smiles are the resplen-

dent mirror of virtue and benignity. Where fortune, and her serpent train, lose their unlimited tyranny, and vainly solicit to inwreath the shrine of venerable humanity.

The next day

Mr. T R I P

of Drury Lane theatre took a seat in me.

As I have not had an opportunity of learning the particulars of this gentleman's history, which, no doubt, would be as highly entertaining as the prettiest pensioner's in the circuit of King's Place, or Marybone; I shall dismiss him for the present, with a little sketch of his present mode of living, communicated by a lady of the dramatick world to her companion a few days ago, as I was taking 'em to the Royal Artist's exhibition; and which must be true, as it came from his own lips.

Ye children of Penury, who repose your heavy heads on the chilling bosom of poverty and misfortune, start from your perturbed

perturbed slumbers, and lend me your ears.

And you, ye greatly unfortunate monarchs of the stage-itinerant world, who have each of ye, no doubt, plucked a feather from the wing of fame as white as his, in your rambles through this fluctuating world; and who now sit as pensive as the sage bird on Minerva's helm, in the solitary den of the black Lyon, the last sad rendezvous of heroick genius, forsake your pint of porter one minute, and look up to this prodigy of your illustrious profession!—learn of him the glorious art of living on—three shillings a* week!

Behold him ambling with his poney, or, to use a modern and more expressive phrase, taking the dust in Hyde-park.

Behold him extracting sweets from the gay rose of festivity at this charming villa, with siveried Cupids behind him, and a Circassian damsel prancing with her pal-

* The extravagant gentleman being so deep in the Manager's books, that they, with unheard-of inhumanity, would allow him no more.

frey beside him!—"Heaven! earth! sea!" what a wonderful magician!

But I will not put your feelings to the torture any longer, my poor friends; but humbly request, as you very often deal in extraordinaries, and may some time in your chequered lives give your audiences an account of the seven wonders of the world, that you will include this surprising instance of œconomy, these hard times as an eighth wonder.

And so, gentlemen, I shall take my leave, recommending ye with fraternal affection to ruminate on this phœnomenon's happy secret; and if ye should by good fortune reach the mysterious goal, shake hands with luxury in the lap of Idalian beauty, and bid poverty go whistle with her fine feathered canary birds in the elysian regions of St. Giles's.—

A few days after I became the companion of

TWO TEMPLE STUDENTS.

"So, you breakfasted with your country cousin this morning, George?" "Yes, and

and wished myself in the wilds of America, by the time I had been half an hour in the room.

“That ridiculous egotist from Hibernia’s capital thrust his nose in, and disturbed the harmony of our society before he had been five minutes seated.

“You must know he styles himself the Claude Lorrain of this age, and takes a world of pains to convince you he is the very quintessence of excellence in every science—his fine phrenzied eye explores a wondrous world of Dilettanti curiosity—talk to him of Newton, he will tell you he was a meer Partridge—a composition of sun, moon, and stars, no eye could discover but his own—talk to him of Shakespeare—he will call it a pilgrimage through the wilds of poetick dulness to read his writings, and that you may ramble through his weedy garden a full hour, before you meet a single flower to captivate.

Suffer him to take a dive into the mineral world—he rises with all the majesty of Britannia in Dryden’s masque of King Arthur in a dazzling cave of ore and shell, that reduces don Saltero’s genius to the applause

of

of a cockle-gatherer—and as to painting, but that sir Joshua Reynolds is a very obstinate man, he would shew him a method of preparing colours that his pictures should outlive the lease of nature.

He was taken up short in the heat of his argument by my friend, who begged leave to tell him a story communicated to him the day before by a reputable midwife to the muses, who had a hand in introducing a favorite literary bantling into the world.

When that charming picture of domestick life and manners, in which we can all trace some likeness of ourselves, the Vicar of Wakefield, made its appearance, the simple title of it proved just as interesting to the ingenious world as Mr. Newberry's Goody Two-shoes, or Giles Gingerbread—it consequently remained on the booksellers shelves for some time, to the oppression of the inimitable author's genius, and those concerned in the purchase of the work.

The late Lord Holland, who was universally considered a brilliant patron of men of letters; after a fit of illness, was desirous of amusing himself with some animated performance of the novel kind. His bookseller
among

among some others sent him the Vicar of Wakefield. He read it with the inexpressible pleasure a number have experienced since, which he communicated a few days after to a large company who dined with him. A pleasing surprize light up every sensible countenance on his lordship's account of it. When the company dispersed; and the hours of fashionable study commenced, which is, when Oberon begins his revels, their booksellers were roused from their slumbers with the pleasing intelligence, and in a few days the whole impression was fold.

When this anecdote was concluded, the gentleman burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring on his soul he could not find where the allusion lay to the subject in debate—"Subject in debate," says my friend, "I protest I considered it no more a subject in debate than Corporal Trim's story of the King of Bohemia and his seven Castles."

He did not relish the retort, so shifting his eyes to the table near him, he took hold of a volume of Melmoth's Liberal Opinions and Lord Carlisle's Poems. My friend ob-

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serving him close the first as soon as he had read the title-page, asked him his opinion of its merit ; he replied, he had never read it, as he understood it was written by a player. “ So,” says, my friend, “ was our illustrious dramatick bard ; so was Otway, Lee and Farquhar :—what is it to you that the first was fond of regaling himself on that delicious treat a haunch of venison, purloined by the hand of necessity or toothsome appetite—does it follow that you are to stop your ravished ears when you hear his wood-notes wild, or shew a disrespect to Viola’s beautiful description of her love ?—that man must be an idiot indeed who cannot taste a peach because it grew in the garden of his enemy, or smell a flower because he sees one with an extraordinary tint in the bosom of degeneracy.”

His reply to this cut the matter very short indeed, for he said he had an aversion to all modern writings.—He said he heard such a noise about the Duenna when it first appeared, and met such a disappointment, that he should ever despise the productions of the same author.

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He had the insolence to call that pleasing performance a jumble of nonsense, inconstancy, and inanimate painting.

“ If I ran my genius out of breath sir,” says the magician, “ I could sit down and produce as good a picture of the comick muse, with the celerity of Voltaire, as fast as an amanuensis could commit my thoughts to paper.”

I could not help expressing the utmost indignation at this perversicacious opinion of distinguished merit ; and, taking my hat, left this monster of malignity, resolving to shun him for the future as I would the viper of calumny.

What a banditti of envy, hatred and malice this wretch belongs to ;—a man of genius finds himself as disagreeably surrounded by 'em as the persecuting spirit of religion sacrificing (by the same demons that await for a similar opportunity to do so again) in Smithfield.

This day while public festivity reigned throughout this extensive capital, in honor of the birth of our most excellent monarch ; while the children of curiosity

were hurrying to St. James's to see the splendid favourites of fortune, and the royal off-spring, I had the felicity of taking in the parent of an immortal off-spring, the illustrious and venerable father of

THE RAMBLER,

DOCTOR J * * * * *

Immortal fire ! what an inestimable treasure thy unlimited and inexhaustible genius has favored the world with !—how lovely the smallest flower of thy elysian muse !—thy contemplative eye never gazed on calamity without a commiserating tear, and the sweet hand of silent bounty extended to administer instant relief.—As the lark, whose matin powers eclipse all others that are heard to usher in Aurora, so thy transcendent abilities pre-eminently shine beyond the lustre of all others thy numerous cotemporaries, the greatest of whom need not feel a pang in decking the magnificent tiara of the muses for thy brows.

I was

I was roused from this pleasing reverie in less than a minute after he left me, by seeing him follow a poor woman with a child in her arms, and put some money in her hand.

That benign impulse that rules the divine heart, pressed him to survey the object of his bounty : when he had walked about twenty paces from her, he saw her still standing in the same situation :—compassion lent him her brightest tear, and led him back, with hurried pace, to administer a larger portion of his benevolence—Still he was not satisfied—the little suppliant with looks powerfully eloquent drew from his pocket a third portion.

Methought the motion of his steps were as light as tho' he trod in air when he parted from 'em.

Ye pupils of the renowned and mighty Chesterfield, whose studies are bounded by the graces, for once quit your mystical tuition, and pay some regard to a fire whose principles are less mysterious, and are surely of a more resplendent nature ——— so shall virtue and her attendant

tendant cherubs visit your dwellings, and the portal of futurity open to your immaculate spirits scenes of celestial repose.

THE DISCONTENTED GROCER.

“ So, my old friend,” says a grey-headed old gentleman, addressing a man turned of sixty, who had both taken a seat in me, “ you could not find that bliss in rural retirement you tasted behind your old counter in Whitechapel. The harmony of birds—the tranquility of the cottage—the sweet sylvan amusements, where sportive health exhibits her enchanting smiles,———where the footsteps of felon care are seldom traced; all these failed to secure that happiness that sickens within the noisome precinct of incessant industry.

“ What a perversion of heavenly felicity !

“ My heart is led to elysium, when I think on that happy period that will set me free from this scene of endless discord; where contumely, in the livery of fortune, o'erleaps the sacred barrier of virtue, and
riots

riots on her beauteous daughters with impunity.

"Sacred, sacred shall be the happy hour that gives me to the chaste and maternal embraces of content; though reposing on a rushy couch, if I send a sigh to this capital, may I be as discontented as thou art.

"But tell me, how did you spend your time? methinks your journal would prove highly amusing, abounding with whimsical originality."

"You may laugh, and wonder, my old friend, and all that; but I tell you again and again I could not taste all those charms you talk of with such rapture.

"As to the harmony of your birds, I'll be shot but I'd rather hear the little Jew musick-grinder that plays every day in our street.

"And your silent shades, as you call 'em, why, they're fit for nobody but mad poets, and poor devils troubled with the hip.

"And as for health, why, man, I have been troubled with a wheezing ever since I left Whitechapel; and am certain, if I
continued

continued another month in their pure air, as they call it, the sexton of their parish would make me one of his church-yard bows, to put me in mind of the good office he speedily intended me.

“There’s my nephew, that I took down with me, he is just as romantick as you: gets up at sun-rise every morning—climbs to the top of an old mulberry tree, and sits reading Grey odes, and Thompson out of his reason, I think he calls it.”

“No, no, my old friend, it is Thompson’s seasons.” “Ay, it may be so, I could never relish such things; but since the parson, who is an excellent preacher, told me of the boy’s ingenuity, I will spare no expence in his education: not that I think it signifies much, for my porter that was, who now keeps a great grocer’s shop, and cannot write his name, is more respected on ’Change than our old friend of the Minories, with his Latin, and Greek, and all that.

“Now, you know I’m no scholar, and yet the Lord of the Manor never met me but I was complimented with one of his fine court bows, while the little Doctor,
who

who is a comical dog, and I am told a man of learning, was always passed by without the least notice.

“ I am determined my boy shall be a scholar for all that.

“ He has got a devilish cleaver fellow with him, that I found starving in a garret in Petticoat-lane, with a wife and two children. I happened to be passing by their habitation about a year ago, and heard the neighbours pitying 'em very much, whilst a rascal was running away with their little furniture for rent due to their landlord.

“ I went up stairs, and found the room stripped of every thing—the wife in a state of madness—and the children hanging upon their father—who could not speak a word—when I entered.

“ I brought 'em all home, and in a few days took 'em down to the country.

“ My boy took a liking to the poor man who is a good scholar, and a very honest fellow: I fitted up a comfortable house for the wife and children.

“ The

“The village very fortunately wanted a school-mistress. I recommended the poor woman, who, I understand, has been very well educated. The parish is very happy in the choice I made for ’em, and they are now as happy and contented as much richer people. So that you see, my old friend, I have not been idle.”

“Indeed, my good friend, I think you have employed your time in the noblest manner : the pleasure you must have felt at heart on the completion of this act of humanity, could be only equalled by the warmest testimony of their gratitude.

“This little passage in your journal I venerate ! the impression it has made on my heart will never be effaced.”

“Think of it no more.”

“But how do you intend to spend your time in London now that you are out of business ?”

“I’ll tell you.—The young man who is now master of my shop, is very active and industrious : as he is a single man of a good disposition, and I know many of my old customers would like to see my face

face again, I think I may serve him by superintending his business.

"It will appear strange to many, but I assure you I would feel more pleasure at heart in the exercise of attending a grocer's shop, than any amusement you can mention. Custom, custom, my old friend, and that of thirty years standing, is not easily surmounted. I dare swear the flavor of your wine would be disagreeable in any house but our old rendezvous, at least I have found it so."

"Why faith, there you are right; wherever the affections centre, it is not the trial of a day can court 'em to a new settlement, however alluring.—You have my warmest wishes in every situation.—Farewell.—"

A FORTUNE-HUNTER.

This little Jew-looking fellow had not been long seated, when he addressed a comely young man, his companion, who I understood was his privy counsellor and

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secretary,

secretary, in the following elaborate manner.

“ You knows as how, Mr. Rhymewell, my success in this enterprise will bring grist to both our mills: this epistle of yours is vastly superior to that I sent Miss——of my brother Jamie’s writing, which will give her a higher idea of my passion; she is a lovely angel, that’s flat; and if you had but seen us at Bermondsey Church last Sunday, you would never forget it.

“ The old hunk, her father, is very fond of her, and will give her ten thousand pounds, though he is but a tanner; which you will say is a great fortune. I never fails going to Bermondsey Church every Sunday, which has given room for many to say I have left the anabaptist meeting; but you know (as the man in mournings says in the play) “ there’s metal more attractive” at church.

“ The conclusion of your letter hit off my passion to a T, that’s flat; she must be all adoration when she peruses it.

“ I dare

“ I dare say now it did not cost you much time in writing it ; ah, you men of genus are fortnit fellows : I forget how the latter part of it runs. but it’s waffly fine and harmonus, that’s flat : will you repeat it ? ”

To this his companion readily assented, with an air of as much importance as the stiffest pedant at Oxford or Cambridge, in the following quotation.

“ Doubt thou, the stars are fire,
Doubt, that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

“ Oh, dear—I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans.”

“ There’s a happy thought for you, my little amoroso ! ” “ Groans, Mr. Rhymewell, is an ugly expression ; if you had said sighs or tears it would be much better ; he’ll take me for one of Wesley’s melancholy congregation.” “ Tut, man, you, may tell her, Hamlet makes use of the same word in a passage very similar to yours, but very inferior.

“ If

“ If this fails to succeed, I shall never put faith in the dignity of numbers, or the finest flight of rapture. Antony’s genius, in her happiest hours, never penned any thing so sublime to his bewitching Egyptian ; nor Waller to his Sacharissa !”

“ Pray who was Carfahissa ?” “ What don’t you know ?—she was a sister to Cleopatra, and is now an Egyptian mummy in the British Museum.”

By this time we arrived within a few doors of the Lady’s ; when it was settled that Mr. Rhymewell should be the harbinger of the happy intelligence, to which he, with a degree of uncommon ardor, assented.

He had not been five minutes gone, when he returned, with a very rueful countenance and the letter unopened.

Doctor Slop in the mire——La Fleur flung by his bidet——no, nor the thrice-reverend George Whitefield caught by one of his pious flock in the arms of his angelic Parawanka, could not have exhibited a finer picture for risibility than my disappointed innamorato.

“ Flesh

"Flesh and blood," cries my impassioned lover, "cannot buffet this tide of disappointments ! To be foiled twice in one week, is too much for a man of superabundant feelings.

"But I'll turn my thoughts to Devonshire street, where success will not fail to crown me with her laurels.

"But she has but five thousand pounds."

"Pshaw !" says his friend, what molehills you make of mountains in this business ; five thousand pounds have a million of charms in your present critical predicament ; attack her in propria personæ. make her female cher ami your friend, by flattery and presents, and my life on't 'twill exceed the finest paper eloquence in the renowned Noble's patch-work vatican of literature ! the butchery of novel love ! If you once despond, you may lie at the bottom of fortune's wheel as long as a two-guinea novel writer, there, or an itinerant actor in a methodistical village.——A thought has just started, that may be of service to you ; you say she is ancient ?"

"Yes." "I'll furnish you with a glib-tongu'd

tongu'd Mercury that shall use some stinging words in her hearing, as she comes out of church next Sunday—such as,—ape leader, what an object of contempt an old maid is—and a few of the poignant epithets that shoot with violent malignance from the torturing tongue of scurrility : these have powerful efficacy in thawing the icy current that freeze those vestals to the heart.

“ I shall call on you in the evening when this matter can be adjusted with spirit over a bottle of your hoarded Old Hock ; but you must not cork it after the second glass as you did last night ; it shews a meanness of soul, and is beneath the dignity of a votary at Cupid or Anacreon's hallowed shrine. Adieu !”

This florid gentleman's rhetorick was delivered with the volubility of a Caledonian's pedigree, or the little short-tailed Cicero of Coach-makers-hall, mounted on the stilts of oratory ; so that my fortune hunting companion had not time to reply, when we stopped at his his house in Goodman's fields.

Alberti

Alberti could not feel more pleasure parting from the dreary confines of the quick silver mine of Idra, than I, in being rid of this despicable being, whose ignorance and physiognomy would put female sensibility to the blush, though stripped of what he is in full pursuit of; and clad in the meanest attire of indigence.

May that genius that ever presides over female excellence, repulse his machinations and shield from his serpent embrace the credulous and inexperienced maid.

AN AUTHOR.

This morning G—H—, Esq; a celebrated Historic, Dramatick, and Miscellany Writer, *and a Poet*, took his flight in me to the Ærial Regions, with a poem in one hand, entitled *The Rape of the Smock*, in imitation of Pope (and whispered as a very great secret, at a certain fashionable Rout, by one Lady to another, to be written by Mr. H——) and Dr. Johnson's and Sheridan's Dictio-

nary in the other, over which was laid a sheet of paper, containing the rough draught of a plan for embodying Sheridan and Johnson, to be compleated in two large Volumes in Folio, a Work hitherto much wanted, as it will be of general Utility to Mankind, *and will render my Fame superior to that of the late illustrious Author of the Rambler.*

It is positively reported, the intention of this flight was to rarefy his intellectual faculties, and invoke the Genius of the Elements, preparatory to this mighty and arduous Undertaking—an extraordinary Phœnomenon in the World of Literature.

An old Maiden Lady, of a sour gloomy aspect, and lank visage, with a long sharp pointed nose resembling an Indian arrow, next day having taken a flight in me, with eagerness took up this poem in her hand, (forgotten by Mr. H——) and after looking at it with fixed attention, and total change of features, read, in a clear voice, and emphatical pronunciation, as follows.

THE

THE
RAPE of the SMOCK:

AN

Heroi-Comical P O E M.

In Imitation of POPE's Rape of the Lock.

BOOK I.

A Virgin's SMOCK, I sing! the direful Cause
Of horrid Bloodshed, and of Breach of
Laws;

That Linen Veil, which pendent Ruffles grace,
Of Indian Muslin, or of *Flanders* Lace;

Wide stretch'd, and falling down in many a
Plait,

From the fair Bosom, to the snowy Feet;
White as the Lilly, or the Skin it hides,
Where charming Nature shines, and Love re-
sides,

Let OZELL sing the *Bucket*, Pope the *Lock*,
My daring Muse prefers the *Rape of Smock*.

But CÆLIA, CÆLIA, here I ought to ask

A gracious Pardon for this impious Task:

My beauteous CÆLIA, be not too severe,

Thy Charms I worship, and thy Sense revere;

Forgive this Tale, since Modesty in vain,
Would curb the Poet's Flight, and Song re-
strain.

It was the Time, when Transports crown
the Night,
And Charms unseen the eager Swains delight;
When Lovers by the silent Minutes blest,
Fatigu'd with Pleasure, lay them down to Rest:
'Twas then bright CÆLIA, (never yet enjoy'd)
On her PHILEMON all her Thoughts employ'd;
The gay PHILEMON, full of Life and Air,
Who Pains enequal'd took to gain the Fair.
Dire Cogitations seiz'd her troubled Breast,
Distracted Looks confirm her want of Rest;
She sighs and moans, and strives the Flame to
hide,
To curb her Passion, and her Fondness chide;
Now by her self, she thus at length confess,
With Grief unfelt, but in a Lover's Breast.

Should I then fix my Happiness and Love
On dear PHILEMON, and He faithless prove,
What Pain to me, alas! might thence arise?
Perhaps the Youth my Charms might then de-
pise:

'Tis possible; but yet I can't refrain,
There's something so engaging in the swain,
Him I must Love, and venture his Disdain

These

These Thoughts revolv'd she takes another
View

Of rich AMBROSIO, her Lover too:
AMBROSIO, who to Inns of Courts belongs,
Where *Coxcombs* and where *Knaves* resort in
Throngs;

He on the Nymph had cast an Eye before,
And much depended on his shining Store.
CÆLIA has various Conflicts in her Mind,
To either Spark alternately inclin'd:
And now a Contest great did soon commence
Between the Charms of one, and t'other's
Pence.

But soon PHILEMON turn'd the doubtful Scale,
And did o'er all his Rivals Wealth prevail,
Thus she broke forth; PHILEMON, Thou art
He,

He only, who shall my Possessor be:
Henceforth, AMBROSIO, from my presence
fly,
My dear PHILEMON, tis for Thee I dye!

This said, fair CÆLIA bared her lovely
Breast,

Approach'd her *Toilet*, and herself undrest:
First, the Gold Watch and Locket are laid by,
Those great allurements to a Lover's Eye;
The decent Necklace is pull'd off with Care,
And Orient Pearls that grace the pretty Ear;
Her

Her taper Fingers now from Prison freed,
The glitt'ring Diamond no longer need.
That done, the Pinner's are laid by with Care,
Which to the Sight expose her Auburn-Hair;
Down to her Waist in careless curls it plays,
And negligently flows a thousand Ways;
Part forward falls, her Iv'ry Front to shade,
And part hangs careless, on her Back display'd;
Some Locks disorder'd, her white Breasts conceal,

But here, and there, a pleasing Glance you steal.
The *Night-Dress* covers now her lovely head,
And *Mobs*, which Ladies chuse to wear in Bed:
She takes the Glass, and does her Form survey,
Nor thinks her Graces fewer than by Day.
She then proceeds, takes off her *Tissue-Gown*,
And lets the spacious petticoat fall down.
The *Stays* that compass round her slender Waist,
Which Kings themselves might wish to have
embrac'd,

Now leave her unconfin'd, and there unlac'd.
Then CÆLIA bending to pull off her Shoe,
Exposes all the tempting prize to view.

Almost undrest, her *Smock* pull'd off the last,
Thinking no lover near an Eye to cast;
But, ah! PHILEMON, in a luckless Hour,
By Stealth came up, and peep'd in thro' the
Door;

That

AN AIR BALLOON. 79

That Door, thro' which his Eyes a passage
found,

And ev'ry thing he saw increas'd his wound.

Thro' Crevice small, with Joy his Bliss reviews,

In Extasie the pleasing sight pursues :

Her beauteous Face now unobserv'd, alas !

His Eyes he fixes on another place :

He view'd her Breast ; but lower, what was
there !

Too much to view, and not enjoy the Fair :

PHILEMON out of patience grown at last,

To see the charm, and not the pleasure taste,

Affails the Door, and by his youth Might,

An Entrance made to try his Fate that Night.

CÆLIA, alarm'd at this untimely Noise,
Slips on her *Night Shift*, and exalts her Voice :

Her *Wrapping-Gown* she huddled on in haste,

And negligently threw it round her Waist.

Now young PHILEMON boldly ventures in,

Fearless of Danger, and of Female Din,

Made his Advances to the beauteous Maid,

And many fine and pleasing Things he said.

CÆLIA, confus'd, lays by the Dress of Day,

By chance the *Smock* expos'd and careless lay ;

Which Bold PHILEMON seiz'd, and kiss'd the

Veil,

Which stoln from CÆLIA, made the *Nymph*
grow pale.

His

His Blood's on fire, and Love his Heart invades ;

Joy fills his Bosom, Anger fills the Maid's.

Whilst CÆLIA in confusion senseless lay,
Of Speech depriv'd, at *Smock* thus forc'd away.
But e'er 'twas long, with Anger and Surprize,
Her Visage chang'd, she darts her flaming
Eyes ;

Her Wrath no longer able to conceal,
She thus upbraided his officious Zeal.

Dar'st thou, vile Traytor ! take this wicked
Course,

'T'attempt thy Mistress, and her Room to force ?
On me thus boldly venture to intrude,
At this unseemly Time, on Purpose Lewd ?
Be gone at my Command, avoid thy Fate !
Obey, or be the Object of my Hate !
The *Smock* deliver, or you soon shall know,
I am no Mistress, but a deadly Foe.

Then gay PHILEMON with submissive Air,
In accents soft, address'd the charming Fair ;
His sly Apology he thus begun :
Why does my Dear her truest Lover shun ?
Have you forgot so soon ? and can you see
My ardent love, and not be touch'd like me ?
By all our Kisses, by our softer Nights,
And melting Sweets of Innocent Delights ;

AN AIR BALLOON. 81

By all that's sacred, by my love, 'tis true,
'Tis Love alone has made me rude to you.
Forgive my Rashness, Dearest, I implore,
And you shall find your PHIL. transgress no
more.

The Lady strait reply'd, Too forward swain !
Is this the Way, thy CÆLIA's heart to gain ?
Think'st thou, that I, who like a Fortrefs stand,
With Virtue's Guard, and Honour's sacred
Band,

Can fall a Victim to thy treach'rous Hand ?
Ah ! hope not thus my Virtue to assay,
Nor vainly think that I shall fall thy Prey :
Restore the *Smock*, then shall PHILEMON find,
His Love Rewarded, and his Mistress kind.

These Words pronounc'd with a true Female
Art,
Made some Impression on PHILEMON's Heart :
A while he paus'd, as seeming to comply ;
But then survey'd it with a greedy Eye ;
And whilst he tender'd back, held fast the prize ;
Like one that half consents, and half denies :
Surveying fondly, with a Lover's Air,
The Nymph, divided betwixt hope and Fear :
Then starting sudden, out he rush'd at last,
And left her to reflect on what had past.

L

THE

WILLIAM B. HILL

WILLIAM B. HILL
of the County of ... State of ...
do hereby certify that ...

Witness my hand and seal this ... day of ...
19... A.D. 19...

WILLIAM B. HILL
County Clerk

Attest my hand and seal this ... day of ...
19... A.D. 19...

WILLIAM B. HILL
County Clerk

Attest my hand and seal this ... day of ...
19... A.D. 19...

WILLIAM B. HILL
County Clerk

THE
RAPE of the SMOCK:
AN
Heroi-Comical P O E M

BOOK II.

NOW had the Morn unbarr'd the Gates
of light,
And the sad Nymph in sorrow spent the Night;
In vain as down she lay, the drowsie God
Touch'd her soft temples with his Leaden Rod:
Restless she roll'd, and sometimes dropt a tear;
No Muse is able to express her Care.
She rung the Bell, and up her NANCY came,
NANCY, the nearest Fav'rite to the Dame:
Haste, haste, she cry'd, and to AMBROSIO run,
Bid him speed hither with the rising Sun;
Away the Damsel posts, and hardly stood
To take her *Pattens* or her *Riding-Hood*.
In *Lincoln's-Inn*, she finds the Youth in Bed,
Fast snoring, and oppress'd with fumes of *Red*.
She wak'd AMBROSIO without more delay,
Un-us'd to be disturb'd by break of Day;

84 ADVENTURES OF

Told him her Errand : Up with speed rose he,
Drest, and went out, (O strange !) without his
Tea.

To CÆLIA now the happy Youth approach'd :
Some say, he walk'd on Foot, some say, was
Coach'd.

But Oh ! what Joy was his, by NANCY led,
When he (unhop'd-for blifs !) drew near the bed.
Thus spoke the Nymph——Canst thou, too
faithful Swain,

Forgive unhappy CÆLIA's past disdain ?
And wilt thou, wilt thou, maugre all my pride,
Revenge my Cause, and lay thy scorn aside ?
Wrong'd by PHILEMON, to thy arms I fly ;
O do not, do not then, thy Help deny.
Retrieve the *Smock*, which he has basely stole,
And win, for ever win, my Virgin Soul.
O doubt not, beauteous Nymph, the swain
reply'd,

My Sword's success, and Valour often try'd :
For if there's faith in Man, thou may'st believe,
I'll lose my Life, or else thy *Smock* retrieve.

Then eager with his lips her hand he prest,
And of his Rival fiercely goes in quest.

PHILEMON starts, to see AMBROSIO near,
Wonders ; but still a Stranger is to fear.

AMBROSIO's Eyes with rage and anger glow,
He meets his rival like a deadly Foe.

Or

Or pay me down thy forfeit Life, he cries,
 Or give me back, rash Youth, the Linen prize:
 I mean, fair CÆLIA's *Smock*, full well thou
 know'st;

Of such a Triumph make not now thy Boast.
 Hence to *Hyde-Park*, and we will soon decide,
 Which best deserves fair CÆLIA for his bride.
 PHILEMON answer'd, (not at all dismay'd)
 Art thou turn'd bully for the peerless Maid?
 Then do thy worst; the *Smock* I'll not return:
 I, give it back! no, it shall sooner burn.

Now on the Green the Combatants engage,
 Inspir'd alike, and fill'd with equal Rage:
 Their Swords were of a Length, their pushes
 just,

And as one parry'd, t'other made a thrust:
 With Crimson blood the field was dy'd around,
 And each receiv'd, and gave, full many a
 Wound.

Long was the Struggle, and each show'd his
 skill,

No Rivals ever fought with better Will.

At last PHILEMON made a furious pass,
 And stretch'd AMBROSIO bleeding on the grass:
 Sore hurt and vanquish'd on the Ground he
 lay,

PHILEMON sheath'd his sword, and ran away,
 Lord

Lord of the *Smock*, and of his Conquest proud,
Stole off, whilst t'other calls for help aloud.

Now *Fame*, which daily Travels round the
Ball,

In CÆLIA's Ear proclaim'd AMBROSIO's Fall.
The Nymph unable to express her Grief,
Straight from her faithful NANCY sought relief:
Ah ! I'm undone, my dearest Wench, she said ;
Perhaps AMBROSIO's kill'd, PHILEMON fled !
I was to blame to hazard either's Life :

Was then a *Smock* fit argument for Strife ?
Go, find out PHIL. if PHIL. can yet be found,
(for much I tremble for my Champion's
Wound)

Coax, flatter, lye ; thy utmost art employ,
To Articles to bring th' ill-natur'd Boy :
For since it is in vain to think of force
To gain my *Shift*, I'll take another Course.
Nor must that Trophy, which he owes to
Theft,

Whate'er it costs, in impious Hands be left.
Some wicked Lye he may perhaps invent,
And boast he had the *Smock* with my consent :
Of farther Favours none will make a Doubt ;
And, ah ! what Fables may not Folks give out !
Then spare no Labour to retrieve the Veil ;
For CÆLIA's ruin'd, should her NANCY fail.

Swifter

Swifter than Lightning flew the nimble Maid,
And to PHILEMON strait a Visit paid.

(PHILEMON of his conquest grown so proud,
He could not help proclaiming it aloud.)

Fair NANCY, quoth the Youth, what brings
thee here?

Why on thy face does such concern appear?
Has CÆLIA sent thee?—For the *Smock*, I
ween!

And is she for a trifle so chagrin?
Why does she envy me so small a Prize,
And persecute a Swain, who for her dyes?
'Twas but this Moment she my rival sent,
Who may his Errand now perhaps repent;
Yonder I left him, bleeding on the plain,
Henceforth he draws no sword in haste again.

So spake the Youth, and NANCY thus re-
ply'd:

My mistress must not, must not be deny'd;
Without delay do you the *Smock* restore,
Or be condemn'd to see her face no more.
A Veil so sacred, thus to snatch away,
Was in a lover sure the foulest Play.
Nor would it be by half so great a sin,
Had you in streets a publick Felon been.
Weigh but the Justice of my Lady's Cause:
Besides, to steal a *Smock*; 'tis Breach of Laws,

And

And if with Vigour she pursues the thing,
At the next *Sessions* you perhaps may swing:
Then carry on your Jest, if wise you be,
No farther now, but send the *Smock* by me.

PHILEMON paus'd at this, and mus'd a while,
Whether he should restore, or keep the spoil:
Plague on these women, to himself said he,
What if indeed she should in Earnest be!
How far *Revenge* may push her on, who
knows?

For anger'd Females are the worst of foes.

PHILEMON is undone, beyond all doubt,
If injur'd CÆLIA takes a warrant out:
'Tis better far, to make up the dispute,
Than lie in *Newgate*, or than stand a suit.

Well, NANCY, then he cry'd, let's all be
Friends,

This very Night the fatal Quarrel ends:
In the mean while, bid CÆLIA be at rest,
I'll bring the *Smock*, and terminate the Jest.

Pleas'd with the News, the *Daniel* posts
away

To CÆLIA, who in bed impatient lay:
Rise, Madam, rise! she cry'd, your point is
gain'd!

The ravish'd *Smock* will be no more detain'd!
PHILEMON, at my threats, in Mortal Fright,
Will without fail, the Trophy bring at Night.

AN AIR BALLOON. 89

Then, Madam, haste to dress ; dispel your
Cares,
And to revenge you, put on all your airs.

Up got the lovely Virgin in a trice,
Resolving to appear exactly Nice ;
At her *Toilet* she puts on ev'ry Toy,
That Ladies use, when eager to destroy.
Three Hours by the Clock, (and some say
Four)

She sate in polishing her form all o'er,
And culling arrows from her fatal store.

But ah ! when thoroughly drest from Top to
Toe,
How charming did she look, how lovely show !
At play, or birth-Night Ball, was never seen
A beauty so compleat, so gay, so clean.
Of crimson Sattin was her costly *Gown* ;
Her *Petticoat* was all embroider'd down ;
The *Watch* was TOMPION's, with a Golden
Chain,
And her *Pearl-Necklace* of the finest Grain :
Her Brilliant *Ear-rings*, which did Stars out-
shine,
Came not from *Bristol*, but from th' *Indian Mine* :
Her *Shoes* were Velvet, and her *Stockings* Silk ;
Her *Lace* true *Flanders*, and as white as Milk :

M

So

So rigg'd at last along the room she mov'd,
 And in her *Looking-Glass* each Charm improv'd:
 Scarce *HEBE* look'd so blooming, Young, or fair,
 Or *VENUS* had when dress'd, a nobler Air:
 For now on Mischief she was fully bent,
 And had against her *PHIL.* a dire intent;
 To make him grieve for putting her to pain,
 And punish the rash Youth with just disdain.

The Sun below th' Horizon was declin'd,
 And beauteous *CÆLIA* now had lately Din'd;
 When in comes *PHIL.* to his appointment true;
 At whose approach, the servants straight with-
 drew.

CÆLIA a while stood mute, then silence broke:
 Looking demure, and blushing as she spoke.

Thou base Usurper of a Maiden's *Shift*,
 O tell me what could be thy impious Drift?
 Solewd an Action can admit no Plea;
 I little could expect all this from thee!
 Had you my *Snuff-box*, or my *Fan* purloin'd,
 Or on my *Gloves*, or *Mask*, your theft design'd;
 Or stole away, what's worse, my darling *Shock*,
 Or any Moveable, besides my *Smock*;
 I could forgive, and with the crime dispense:
 But who can pardon such a rude offence?

Fair Maid, he answer'd, finish the dispute:
 As for what's past, I'll be for ever mute;

And

And in no *Coffee-House* will make my boast,
 That of her *Smock* I once depriv'd a toast.
 But since your lover with your suit complies,
 You must be kind, if he restore the Prize :
 Be mine Anon, the whole, the live-long night,
 And bless thy Lover's arms with vast delight.
 But less than that, no Motive can prevail,
 To make me tender back the *Mystick* veil.

CÆLIA confus'd, scarce knew what to reply,
 Look'd much surpriz'd, and downward cast her
 Eye ;

And will no terms but these suffice, said she ?
 And must I for a *Shift*, your *Victim* be ?
 Conditions much too hard, and too unjust !
 Is then PHILEMON's Love all turn'd to lust ?
 Yet, tho' till now, my heart was like a Rock,
 I'll sooner yield, than you shall keep the *Smock*.

In Raptures now, the happy Youth survey'd,
 And in his arms embrac'd, the beauteous maid :
 With decent action, he the *Smock* resigns,
 And ardently round CÆLIA's Waist he twines.
 Soft pleasure now succeeds an age of pain,
 And the glad Youth enjoys, what long he sought
 in vain.

END OF THE POEM.

Mrs. Syllabub's Compliments to Mr. H——, takes this opportunity of acquainting him, that she has been so captivated with the stile, sentiments, diction, versification, beautiful imagery, depth of understanding, new ideas, &c. &c. &c. &c. of his Poem of the Rape of the Smock, which accidentally fell into her hands, that she has at last very seriously and deliberately considered of Matrimony, (of which she never before, at any time of her Life, entertained a single thought) and offers Mr. H—— her hand, heart, and fortune, (which is very considerable) and hopes for his immediate answer.

Mr. H——'s Compliments to Mrs. Syllabub, is very sorry to signify to Mrs. Syllabub it is not in *his power* to gratify *her warmest wishes*, his time being entirely dedicated to a *new*, great, and laborious Literary Undertaking, no less than combining or cementing in one solid mass or body of matter the Works of two of the most celebrated Authors of this age, and comparing, dividing, adding, and diminishing
in

in such a manner as that the *Learned World* may enjoy in the most abundant measure the quintessence of the aforesaid joint works, which (she is sensible) must prevent him from devoting himself *to her service* in such a manner as to answer *her earnest demands*, and also must incapacitate him from acting, as the Matrimonial state requires, with a Lady who perhaps would be peremptory to have performed all those necessary and indispensable obligations appertaining to that state.

Returning from leaving an inebriated May-maid at her lodging, I was stopped to take up

A CITIZEN AND HIS FAMILY.

“ ’Tis surprising, Mr. Waddle,” says an unwieldy woman, “ you will not help the little ones into the vehicle ; I am sure there is not a lord in the King’s dominions can boast of finer children, and you pay no more attention to them than if they

they were just imported from the court of Lilliput.

“Here, Bobby, hand that bottle in, that’s the tea, my dear; and this is the punch, you shall carry the bread and cheese in your handkerchief, and your father must carry the ham.”

“Not I truly,” says the sweet smiling cit, “you may carry it yourself, or let it alone.”

“Ay, ay, it’s always the way, I must bear the burden, though my heart were to break with the fatigue, drive to the two shilling gallery.”

“Two shilling gallery:—of what place mistress?”

“O la!” says my fat companion with a horse laugh, that put her frowning spouse into good humour, “that was a great mistake! go to Common Garden theatre.”

I judged, at the first appearance of the tea, punch, bread, cheese, and ham, that my company were going to administer comfort to some petitioner of misery, who had been a faithful servant to them in his
days

days of health, of cheerfulness ; but the two-shilling gallery settled the matter at once.

“ You are always in such a hurry, Mr. Waddle, that half the things are forgot, we should bring with us ; I have left the cakes for the children behind me, on the tea-table, and I am sure they will be hungry in an hour at farthest.”

“ Zounds ! wife, you cram your brats as poulterers cram capons for Newgate market, every hour in the day ; while you are negligent of a more essential attention to them, Bobby, there, has got the rickets, indulging him with sitting continually in his childhood ; and Sally must wear a train to her gown as long as she lives, to hide her legs ; and all owing to your abominable nursing.

“ The other day Sophy was near being killed, owing to your tying her up in that cursed little phaeton that overset.

“ But cramming them, is the highest degree of your maternal tenderness ; every other

other attention must give way to this filthy custom.

“There’s my neighbour, Mrs. Lovejoy, who is as fond of her children as you can possibly be; you see ’em lovely and well-proportioned, the admiration of the whole parish when they go to church; you see she does not gorge ’em in this manner: but I know who will feel most anguish in the end; your house will be taken as much notice of when your girls are marriageable, as the discordant parson of our parish, and none will do us the honour of a visit but the knight-errants of fortune, that will worship their golden dowers, and when Hymen ties the indissoluble knot, will resign them to the hideous arms of bitter indifference.”

I have heard this ridiculous affection complained of more than once, but I am prevented from moralizing, for, this moment, I see a woman, who, no doubt, thinks herself a miracle of maternal tenderness, pouring a sup of gin down the throat of her infant, in one of the delicious

ous cordial shops, where the children of penury lose their afflictions sacrificing at the shrine of the Juniper-berry.

AN EAST-INDIA VOLUNTEER.

“ Oceans will soon separate us ; let me conjure you, my dear Charles,” says his weeping sister, “ to think of your poor Emily often, when you take a solitary walk in that distant clime—think on the many hours of felicity we passed in the Elysian shades of Silver Brook—your sister will oft indulge herself with gazing on thy contemplative image in the mirror of her fancy—oft when our cheerful companions assemble round the blazing hearth will I look for the lively sallies of your converse—tell the convivial circle to remember him that oft indulged them with his pathetic recital of *Le Fevre’s divine story*—O Charles ! when I think on these things my tears will follow.”

“ Fear not, sweet *Emily*,” says the dejected emigrant, “ nor time, nor distance, shall ever separate thy lovely image from

N

me

me—*Torick's* flame for his beloved *Eliza* never burned brighter—I will wait with the same restless spirit for thy endearing letters; they shall be the solace of my life, as I journey on—and if I should die, my last breath shall bedew them.”

“ My poor mother,” says *Emily*, “ desired me, when I gave you my last kiss, to give you her picture; she requests you will wear it for her sake—her grief was so great when she left her benediction on your lips, that she forgot to give it herself—Farewell—remember your poor sister.”

May heaven be propitious to him, said I, as I returned with the disconsolate maid, and send him to thy embraces, as virtuous as he has left thee, with a fortune acquired by the sword of *valor* and *humanity*. There are too many *fiends* of *Mammon* in that region, the terror of the industrious *Indian*—and the everlasting shame of Britain.

THE

THE DEMIREPS.

" This evening shall be dedicated to pleasure", says a city youth, handing two lively women into me ; it is but seldom I can breathe the salutiferous air on this side *Temple-Bar*—the yard and the pen are the hateful instruments of my captivity ; for ever toiling for a curmudgeon that has not set a foot in *Pleasure's* flowery path since the first morning he open'd his own shop :—a fellow ever tantalizing those around him with his " wise saws and modern instances."—What say you, my sweet *Cleopatra*—don't you think such garrulous prigs deserve impalement ?"

" I can't say I understand that punishment," says one, " but if they were left to the punishment I would inflict, they should be confined from their smoaking clubs, and city-feasts, which I believe would be as rigorous.—But see—*Lydia*—yonder goes our old *Cully Lord*—What an abominable wretch," says she.—" How abominable ?" says the youth. " I will tell you.—*Lydia* and I are but a month return-

ed from *Paris*, where we were with this odious *Peer*.——he supported us pretty tolerably during the expedition, though we saw his face but twice in the time : when he sat us down at our lodgings, on our arrival ; and when he took us up on our departure.

“ He took us there to screen him from the imputation he labours under, which is the most shocking in the list of infamy——. The deception lost its effect before he was a month in that city, and he found it expedient to secure himself by flight shortly after.”

“ Then we shall shift the dreadful punishment of impalement,” says the youth, “ from the old prig to this hideous being, and wish it him speedily.”

“ I am told,” says she, “ there will be a large assemblage at *Bagnigge Wells* this evening.” “ Well remembered,” says the youth, “ I love to figure in the gay multitude—that scene is rising to universal estimation, every year——the pretty *damsels* in *Harris’s Catalogue of Paintings* drew the purblind race of *connoisseurs* and
virtuosos

virtuosos to gaze on the *roses* and *lillies* that bloom in every walk there in the evening——when the flowers of *nature* fold themselves to rest on *Cynthia's* bosom—the silly multitude followed——Taste finds a residence in every man's breast, from the *Peer* to the *Cobler* ; and who could be blind to the transcendent beauties, the spy-glass sons of *Britannia* discover in every clime, their own in particular, when lovely *women* are the subject?—As we are near the delicious scene, let us make an appearance there.”

His “ *sweet Cleopatras*”, as he called them, readily assented, and they entered the motley throng,, awake to pleasure only.

Thoughtless beings ! the hour may yet arrive, when corroding care and heart-wringing reflection will be the sole companions of thy silent walks, for this waste of youthful happiness.

God forbid I should wish it to thee.

But

But who have we here ?

A HAIR-DRESSER.

"Where have you been so early, Sam?" says a servant who saluted him as he was stepping into me.

"Been!" says my powdered companion, in a note three pitches higher than Crawford when he damns the Venetian senators, "I have been with a whimsical devil in May-Fair, who was taken in labour this morning at five o'clock, and could not think of lying down till her hair was dressed, as she always receives visitors in her chamber the third day after her delivery.

I could scarcely prevent myself from bursting into laughter while she was under the operation, and expected every instant to assist in another, as there was no one present, and her agony increased to such a degree that she fainted before I had finished dressing her.

If this be a part of the etiquette of fashionable life, it is surely the most ridiculous of all, and deserves the censure of every individual

individual who have any connexion with decency.

But decency seldom shews her face among those beings; that impostor that bears her name among 'em, is to be found in the loosest attire of the wanton, for ever railing at the slightest faults of others, at the same time planning schemes of seduction, and injuring the tranquility of virtue and happiness.

As fashions descend from those rulers of fortune to the other circles of life, their vices have not been behind-hand, and in a few years, I fear, we may expect to hear of a general rejoicing at the banishment of every virtue that ennobled our excellent ancestors.

“ when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion.”

In this manner this farce of life in all probability will conclude.

F I N I S.

